

When Through the Torn Sail

Dig, Jesus, min dyraste Jesus.
Gustav Stolpe (1833–1901)

Bishop Reginald Heber (1783–1826)

12 12. 12 12.

1. When through the torn sail the wild tem - pest is stream - ing,
2. O Je - sus, once rock'd on the breast of the bil - low,
3. And O, when the whirl - wind of pas - sion is rag - ing

When o'er the dark wave the red light - ning is gleam - ing,
a - rous'd by the shriek of des - pair from thy pil - low,
When sin in our hearts its wild war - fare is wag - ing,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea - man to cher - ish,
Now seat - ed in glo - ry, the mar - i - ner cher - ish,
A - rise in thy strength, thy re - deem - ed to che - rish;

We fly to our Ma - ker:
Who cries in his an - guish, "Help, Lord, or we per - ish.
Re - buke the de - stroy - er,